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Blackfriars

BLACKFRIARS, the monthly review edited by the English Dominicans, was founded in 1920. Father Vincent McNabb, defining its aims in the first number, characteristically remarked that its service of the truth might lead to as short a career as that of the Holy Innocents. In fact BLACKFRIARS is forty years old and through the years it has continued to apply a consistent Christian judgment to those issues in the contemporary world which are too often neglected or evaded.

To meet the needs of its own time must always be the concern of such a review, and BLACKFRIARS, while faithful to its original purpose, is extending its range. Apart from the principal articles in each issue, there will be regular features which will try to give its readers a survey of what is being said in such special fields as education, the social sciences, technology, and ecumemical theology. Month by month there will be an indication of what is appearing in reviews in French, Italian, German and Russian. Special attention is given to the cinema and the visual arts each month. In addition, extended book reviews will, as hitherto, provide a regular guide to what is being published.

Among recent contributors to BLACKFRIARS have been: Archbishop David Mathew, the Archbishop of Durban, Lord Pakenham, Sir Francis Walsh, F.R.S., Professor E. Evans-Pritchard, Professor R. C. Zaehner, Father Yves Congar, O. P., Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., Father Joseph Jungmann, S.J., Professor Jocelyn Toynbee, Dr. Bernard Towers and Michael Dummett, as well as its customary Dominican contributors, including Fathers Henry St John, Thomas Gilby, Gervase Mathew, Kenelm Foster and Illtud Evans.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Obstacles to Development

TO LATIN-AMERICAN peoples a gesture such as the visit of the Kennedys to Venezuela and Colombia is highly welcome. Even in other South American countries there were immediate signs of greater cordiality toward the United States after the President's on-the-spot statements as to the objectives of the Alliance for Progress. Colombia itself announced a ten-year development plan ready for the scrutiny of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. The *Jornal do Brasil* adopted a less critical tone. President Frondizi of Argentina saluted the Alliance. Chile has just received four important loans from the Inter-American Development Bank. And these are only current examples.

In this promising atmosphere it is useful to examine some of the obstacles to full-fledged hemispheric partnership. Wide differences in outlook are reflected in our diverse ways of life. The cult of intense individualism among the Latin American elite contrasts with *Yanqui* tendencies to conform. Among educated Latinos there is a much stronger distaste for manual labor than is prevalent up here. Psychologically there are typical differences between the two variegated worlds, and one essential for a fruitful partnership is that each of us should get to understand the other's outlook better.

Since the basis for this intended partnership is economically productive enterprise, further differences (and obstacles) should be noted. Despite a marked drift to the city nearly two-thirds of the people in Latin America still depend on agriculture for their subsistence. Lack of native technicians is a major hindrance to the establishment of new industries; this derives from stress on the professions and the dominance of the humanities over science in higher education.

The gap between the poor majority and the wealthy few is notoriously much wider below the Rio Grande. This is especially noticeable in rural areas (although the contrast between luxurious apartments and ramshackle hovels in Latin America's proudest cities is appalling). For example, half the farm land in Brazil is owned by less than two per cent of the landholders.

Mexico has made considerable progress in recent years but still provides a striking example of chronic Latin American poverty. A half century after their revolution three-fifths of the Mexican people are still ill-clothed, ill-housed and ill-fed. Over two-fifths are still illiterate, and scarcely more than half the children go to school. An even greater gulf exists between rich and poor than before the Mexican revolution.

UNHAPPILY this last has all too frequently been an end result of past grants, loans and local foreign enterprise. That is the reason for the stress on socio-economic reform in the Alliance for Progress. Thus far there have been few indications that the landed aristocracy, which has been so closely allied with the Church in Latin America, or the new successful entrepreneur class, is taking steps to distribute properties or assign the workers a more equitable share of the profits. The fact that governments which usually represent the possessing classes applaud the theory of the Alliance hardly guarantees that the projected reforms will actually be carried out.

All this serves as factual background for the coming meeting of the Organization of American States. On this occasion Secretary Rusk is expected to press for a condemnation of Castro, if not for economic sanctions that could lead to Cuba's withdrawing from the O.A.S.

Castro has said that he is a Marxist-Leninist and he heads a police state. Freedom of the press is abrogated; trade unions are shorn of their power; the Church is persecuted; civil liberties do not

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exist. The Cuban people have to endure severe food shortages. Yet to the dispossessed Latin American masses, fed with Castro propaganda in their own tongue, Cuba presents a highly desirable image: big estates broken up and distributed to landless peasants, limits set on personal wealth, new housing units built for the denizens of unspeakable slums, rents cut in half, promises of future ownership, etc. To the Latin American masses this is what the O.A.S. would be condemning. Should we not think twice before pressing for an anti-Castro resolution which would greatly intensify internal hostility toward governments predominantly friendly to the United States?

Power and Popularity

IF RECENT polls are accurate, President Kennedy is riding a new wave of popularity. But free-floating popularity and the kind of popularity necessary to carry new legislative programs through the second session of the 87th Congress are not the same. At most, the former will only create a helpful background when the time comes to twist some reluctant arms.

The key question, of course, is how the President will use his new strength. While one can justifiably dismiss the harsh judgment of the ADA that the Administration's record during the first session was "at best one of callous expediency and, at worst, one of astonishing indifference to real national needs," there can be little doubt that the President was unduly cautious in applying pressure on Congress.

It is now already known that, during the coming second session, the Administration plans a strong fight for a new and more liberal Trade Agreements Act. Less certain is the vigor with which it plans to push once again for medical care for the aged under Social Security. Most uncertain of all are Administration plans for some kind of civil rights bill. One can only hope—and to some extent demand—that the latter two domestic problems not be slighted amidst anxiety over the Trade Agreements bill.

As a helpful first step, the President would do well to exert leverage to bring about the appointment of Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri as House Majority Leader. In contrast with the only other avowed candidate for that post, Representative Carl Albert of Oklahoma, Mr. Bolling has the proper liberal qualifications to wage vigorous floor fights for Administration bills. The President will need all the help he can get in the House and Mr. Bolling seems to us the man for the job.

The Goa Conquest

THERE IS NO denying the shock produced by India's decision to overrun Portuguese Goa. Here were the direct successors of the apostle of nonviolence, Mahatma Gandhi, dispatching troops, tanks, armored cars and bombing planes against a tiny enclave that had been governed by the Portuguese for four and a half centuries. And as Secretary Rusk put it, this was an act of "one of the most moralistic members of the neutral bloc."

There has long been bad feeling between New Delhi and Lisbon. The Portuguese have steadfastly maintained the fiction that Goa (like Angola) formed an integral part of Portugal itself. In the fourteen years since India attained its independence the Salazar regime has stubbornly refused to consider negotiations on yielding Goan sovereignty. Doubtless this bad feeling had led to a few very minor incidents along the borders and in adjacent waters recently—all of them together totally insufficient to provoke such an attack in force.

It may well be that this act was partially the result of certain additional pressures. Within India itself the Communists have been in the van of those demanding such a solution. Some African nations are also supposed to have urged this course on Mr. Nehru as a means of easing Portuguese pressure in Angola and Mozambique. But until last August, when he first announced to the Indian Parliament the possibility of a solution by force of arms, Mr. Nehru had consistently resisted such pressures.

What does he say now in justification of India's deplorable action? In response to U Thant's telegram, appealing for peace on behalf of the U.N., the Indian Prime Minister said that the "situation . . . has been entirely created by Portuguese aggressiveness along the Indian frontiers and an oppressive police regime inside those colonial areas." Mr. Nehru further contended that "it is hardly possible to negotiate on the basis of the Charter provisions with a government who take their stand on sixteenth century concepts of colonial conquest by force." He also alleged that recent withdrawals of Portuguese officials from Goa would lead to chaotic conditions that could be counted on to grow progressively worse. These excuses are little better than Defense Minister Krishna Menon's contention that India was attacking because of a breakdown of civil administration in Goa and provocation along India's border. Nor does the speed of the conquest and the limited number of casualties make the act any less aggressive.

India sent in its troops on the flimsiest of justifications. It has resorted to overwhelming might regardless of the effects of its example upon others.

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By this act India has greatly weakened the U.N. and reduced the hopes of many smaller and weaker peoples that they can count on being protected. It is extremely ironical that India's conquest of Goa was undertaken in the name of anti-imperialism and national pride.

And the Same to You Fella

NOW IF we had been running the thing, instead of that incompetent Claus, *these* are the gifts that would have been found under the tree:

For Barry Goldwater, a year's subscription to the magazine *Dissent.*

For V. K. Krishna Menon, who may be misled by the fact that even his best friends won't tell him, a best friend who will tell him.

For the editors of the *American Ecclesiastical Review,* introductory copies of some journals they should know about, like *Thought* and *Theological Studies.*

For T.W.U president Michael Quill, an iron hat to protect him from the brick a straphanging New Yorker is going to use on him one of these dark nights.

For Senator James O. Eastland, an honorary membership in the N.A.A.C.P., as a reward for championing the cause of Moise Tshombe.

For Moise Tshombe, an honorary membership in the White Citizens Council, for championing the cause of Senator Eastland.

For the new, new Richard Nixon, a birch-framed, embroidered sampler with the motto: "I'd Rather Be Right."

For our friends on Madison Avenue, an Inspiration cocktail, for tired account executives who are not doing so well wise-wise.

For those who think that unilateral disarmament is the way out of the balance of terror, a copy of the U.N. Subcommittee report on the rape of Hungary, 1956.

For those who think that nuclear disarmament is not absolutely the most vital issue to be solved, almost any report on the attack and defense systems of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. (something by the RAND corporation would do nicely) and a copy of *The Mathematics of Probability.*

For George Meany, some of whose best friends are Negroes, an autographed picture of his colleague A. Philip Randolph, some of whose best friends are not Negroes.

For Brigitte Bardot, a bigger towel.

For the President, a bound volume of his campaign speeches.

For Fidel Castro, time to think things over on an all-expense week end in Santo Domingo (formerly Ciudad Trujillo).

For William Buckley, who was described admiringly by a Catholic publication as a kind of Ivy League Father Richard Ginder, the name of a good lawyer.

For Mao Tse-tung, to study and ponder on, a copy of the United Nations charter.

For the American Medical Association, a bust of Hippocrates, and the suggestion that it be given a place of honor somewhere in their Washington headquarters, maybe near the big Adam Smith shrine.

For Jack Paar, urgent recommendation that he be steadfast in his resolve to quit TV.

For Charles de Gaulle, a tri-color-bound edition of the famed American play "What Price Glory?"

For the executive board of P.O.A.U., airline credit cards, to use when they discover that a C------c has been in the White House for over a year.

For W. E. B. DuBois, long-time left-wing leader, who will be ninety-four next month and has just joined the Communist Party, this year's Better Never Than Late Award.

For Konrad Adenauer, a paid-up Chancellor's union card, to give him the sense of job security that every worker needs.

For J. Edgar Hoover, framed copies for his office of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

For Newburgh's Welfare Commissioner Mitchell, a nineteenth-century etching of free-loader Oliver Twist asking for more porridge.

For shelter enthusiasts, the new, improved model of home shelter with its own built-in, neighbor-sized nuclear bomb.

For David Lawrence, who *must* be suffering from acid indigestion, a case of Alka-Seltzer.

For Roger Maris, better luck next year.

For Nikita Khrushchev, a Berlitz course in conversational Chinese.

For Civil War buffs, who seem to have gotten confused about a few things, a yearbook for 1865, when the *Confederacy* surrendered to the *Union.*

For David Susskind, a moment of self-doubt.

For Representative Francis E. Walter, a speedy demise to the nasty rumor that the screenplay for *Operation Abolition* was written by Dalton Trumbo.

For The Commonweal, subscription orders from merely half of the forty million Catholics in the United States.

RICHARD HORCHLER

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Situation Normal?

SOMETIMES, for better or for worse, great issues are seen in very personal terms. That is the way the mobilization of the National Guard and the recall of the reservists has been with me, largely, I think, because Wisconsin's 32nd, the "Red Arrow" National Guard division, was included in the call-up.

I first saw the 32nd in New Guinea during the second world war, in an area very much like that in which Governor Rockefeller's son was tragically lost. My division was going in for the first time, and I stood beside a narrow jungle trail watching the men of the 32nd start the long road out. They were the first American troops I had seen fresh from the jungle-fighting, and I don't think I'll ever forget them.

At an almost incredible price in endurance and pain and death, these men had captured Buna—a tiny spot in New Guinea that not one in ten thousand Americans could have identified even then. The terrain in which they had fought was murderous, their casualties were heavy, and they were racked with malaria, dysentery, and other never-identified tropical ills. But they took Buna, and after they were rested and fed and given replacements, they kept on taking other, long-since-forgotten Bunas until the war was over.

All of this gives me something of a personal feeling about the 32nd, and this is naturally what I remembered when President Kennedy included the division in the Berlin mobilization. I suppose some of the older men who have been called up were among those I saw at Buna; more of them are probably the sons of men who fought there. Young or old, their service to their country involves considerable personal sacrifice, and I don't think this fact should be taken lightly by any of us.

During the first weeks after the 32nd was mobilized, there were many complaints about missing equipment and inadequate facilities—complaints serious enough to receive considerable newspaper publicity and to fetch several Wisconsin Congressmen and the Army's top Inspector General on the run. Most of these complaints seem now to have been dealt with, and the reaction that was probably inevitable has set in.

Top officers obviously fear that newspaper publicity about griping is giving the National Guard and the entire reserve program a bad name. Now they are trying hard to dismiss all the furore as the work of a few malcontents. My own guess, though, is that the complaints of the reservists and Guardsmen were understatements rather than exaggerations.

War is the stupidest of human endeavors, and getting ready for war is the next thing to it. This is true anytime, as far as I can see, in all armies and all wars. But even by normal standards this mobilization looks like a mess to me.

If Guardsmen and reservists have a duty to their country, we have one to them too. When men are called to duty at great personal inconvenience, every effort should be made to show why their sacrifice is necessary and how it is helping the country. Yet this was done only belatedly, long after the fact.

If recall or mobilization is necessary, it is essential that the system be kept scrupulously fair. This time around, thousands of reservists who have already served two or more years have been called back, while men who have served only six months remain at home. The Army can hardly expect men to believe that this is because they have crucially needed skills, when in fact many of them are doing something else entirely.

Deferment policies should be as sensible and humane as they can be made. We ought to recognize that even if a man is in the reserves or the National Guard of his own free choice, call-up at this or that particular moment will entail great hardships in specific cases. Short of war, there is no reason deferment policies have to be as inflexible as they were this time.

Sacrifice is necessary, but it should not be impossible to devise policies that would spread that sacrifice a little more fairly. Telling a man called back to duty on private's pay that his mortgage will not be foreclosed as long as he keeps up the interest payments is an idle gesture when interest amounts to ninety per cent of his monthly payments. And surely a government with the power to pick a man up and put him in uniform also has other powers—that of protecting him from gouging, for example, when he tries to find food and shelter for his family near his military post.

Official spokesmen have now admitted that the Pentagon badly underestimated the amount of dislocation involved in this call-up and badly overestimated the state of readiness of the troops involved. It may be, they say, that we need to reexamine the whole concept of the place of the National Guard and the reserves. This is fair enough. What I don't think is fair is to dismiss those who have complained as "a lot of bitching freeloaders," to use the words of Senator Barry Goldwater.

Senator Goldwater is himself a general in the reserve, and he should know more about the subject than I do. General or no, however, I think we owe the men called back to service a better deal than they have received so far. And if I am seeing a large issue too much in terms of the 32nd Division and my own experience, call it a belated Christmas greeting to the men I saw at Buna, exactly nineteen years ago this month. JAMES O'GARA

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The Common Chord

Liturgy and Reunion

H. A. REINHOLD

MANY CATHOLICS have adopted a very simple attitude toward separated Christians: let them submit themselves, individually or corporately, to what is not only the one and only Church founded by the Lord on the rock of Peter, but what is also the most perfect and best-documented and well-run church in Christendom. He who reads through the Baltimore Catechism without seeing the light is either a fool or a knave, according to multitudes of simple and not so simple people firmly anchored to the Rock.

There is great ado nowadays about the images that the United States, the Church and other institutions and professions present to the outsider. As a Church we have presented some kind of image to the puzzled world, a narrowly circumscribed one ever since the Council of Trent. But without suggesting any change or watering-down in doctrine, is there nothing we can do or ought to do concerning this image? Is everything as perfect as it humanly could be in our Church? Or do we think that the Catholicism of our era is the best possible kind in a best possible world?

If we expect other Christians to "turn" and to come home, don't we have to survey our own house, realign walls and prop up sagging parts, clear out things that have been accumulated over generations, symptoms of life, true, but not always the high quality worthy of the Spouse of the Redeemer? One can hear the overtones of self-reform in John XXIII's utterances. The tremendous zest with which the Commissions have tackled the work of editing the numerous proposals turned in by the world's Bishops under the Pontiff's prodding betokens their understanding of the primary purpose of the coming Council. We realize ourselves that certain portions of the house need a good going-over by those who have the power to do so.

Let us survey one field only: the Liturgy, the way we worship now, and see if this part of Church life can help to make a fitting contribution to the effort of changing the present image to a more attractive and, above all, a more correct one. Is there in our way of worship something that strikes an essential common chord? What is the role of our public and sacramental worship, or the Liturgy, in the over-all scheme? Does the Liturgy demonstrate to us a greater responsibility of ours for the Union of separated Christians? How can it be of help, especially to the layman, in achieving this Union?

THAT THIS is a topic of importance is underlined, I think, by two examples in the life of a parish of average quality several years ago. Every year the priest gave a very thorough course of instruction to all prospective converts and concentrated his special care on the life of Our Lord and on the Mass. (Apologetics and catechism are needed—but only on the background of the live and visualized person of our Savior.) The class listened with attention to his teaching on both subjects, especially the explanation of the meaning and rite of our Mass. Every year the same question would come from one of the more articulate students: "This is all very beautiful, but I have been in Catholic churches, and the congregations never gave me the impression that they were aware of all this. They seemed to have the merest contact with the priest and among themselves. Do they know what you have told us; and if they do, why don't they show more interest?"

As a second example, in the same parish a high school boy was killed in an accident, and his class came by the hundreds to attend his funeral at the Catholic Church of the little town. Most of the mourners present were active members of about twenty different local churches. They expected something impressive and expressive of our faith. The Catholics were embarrassed by the questions they were asked afterwards: "What did your priest do when he read out of a book toward the wall, performed a few gyrations and busied himself with a golden cup; what happened? And what did you do while all this went on in the chancel? Don't you Catholics sing and pray in church?"

Such incidents occur in dozens of other churches, over and over again. If any progress has been made with this sorry state of affairs, it has been due to Saint Pius X, and more so to the late Pius XII and the liturgical movement.

FATHER H. A. REINHOLD is a leader of the liturgical movement and a long-time contributor. His most recent book is *The Dynamics of Liturgy*.

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THIS MOVEMENT began under Pius X, in Belgium and Germany, and has by now reached even the missions in Africa, the Far East and South America. It started in this country in the late twenties of the present century. Similar liturgical movements had sprung up just before the Reformation, then again in the seventeenth century and under Pope Benedict XIV. None of its predecessors was as vigorous and successful as the present movement, which is still in lively progress, this time guided and controlled by the Holy See since the mid-forties. As a matter of fact, the supreme authorities of the Church are far ahead of the local churches in many countries with the reforms that are needed to make intelligent worship possible.

All reforms that are truly salutary must cut into the established pattern of usage and remove the out-croppings of habit, misunderstanding, sloth, and an unjustified and spurious kind of "conservatism." True conservatism preserves the essentials, but is quite willing to shear off wild growth. True progress does not ride roughshod over what is good and mature. These principles are exemplified by the latest reforms.

Some reforms have already been duly digested and assimilated by the Church at large: frequent and early communions, the successive reforms to the Church calendar, the reasonable changes made in the laws of fast and abstinence, the evening Mass—although even here there are still a few pockets of resistance or undue restrictions against a generous interpretation of this healthy adaptation to the twentieth-century living conditions of Christendom. In some places it is still rough going for the new Holy Week, for the new Psalm Version of Pius XII, for the latest calendar, for the Ritual in the mother tongue. The same thing happened to the communion decrees of Pius X—now universally accepted, at least externally.

Reform is a matter of patience and tenacity, but tremendous help is to be expected from the imminent Second Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. In a generation or two, the Liturgy will be installed in its rightful place, and the people's full participation in it will be achieved. But we are not dreamers and romantics: even then we will not be in a golden age of the Liturgy. The Roman Liturgy is too rich and too subtle for those who want easy prayers.

Nevertheless, the Liturgy, as the noblest prayer of the Body of Christ, the Church, will have a chance to come to life and to live more fully than in 1900 A.D. The mute spectators that today fill so many churches, spending their Mass in isolated prayers and reading of books, will again sing and speak and listen in the most majestic worship, in Christ's body rendering worship to His Eternal Father through the impulse of the Holy Ghost and sustained by Him.

This formula, making the mysteries appear Trinitarian in a dynamic fashion, cannot be repeated too often, as it is the foundation of the worship of the baptized; this worship is a divine function. We worship as members of Christ's Body. He and we render worship as one person to the Father. In us singly and collectively the Holy Spirit is the creative power and the living force, the soul of Christ's Body. These are realities, not vague dreams, though in this life we but dimly grasp this mystery through faith. To make these things real and to reach the faithful in the pew in the most immediate and personal way: that is the purpose of the liturgical movement.

WHATEVER the differences in emphasis may be in the Eastern Churches, they have no quarrel with us in this matter, except in such details as the communion of the chalice, for practical reasons gradually fallen into disuse in the West, the kind of eucharistic bread we use (our rite with unleavened bread dates back to the eighth century), and the use of the language of the country, which is canonical in all Eastern Rites. An Eastern Christian who enters the Catholic Church as a visitor and finds congregations worshipping as a family of Christ will at once feel at home.

When the Mass is celebrated under the most favorable conditions to yield its fullness of grace, it should be closest in inspiration to the Last Supper. All the apostles were fully aware of their oneness with Christ and with one another. The rite was clear and understandable to them both in gesture and in language. It had the intimacy and closeness of friendship and love.

With a thousand or even fewer worshippers around, this intimacy is hard to achieve and possibly only through a faith that moves mountains. But the Last Supper represents an ideal external form which may never be reached in our large and even our small parish churches; in spite of the rich developments of the external changes, the spirit of the "upper room" is a goal of all reforms. In no other way does the Church come to life so unmistakably and can be experienced as in these great mysteries. Here the reality of the Church is experienced in spite of the fragmentation that has overtaken us in so many other fields.

It is in this light that we understand why lay participation and the revival of lay responsibility in their lives are so closely related. When we understand our involvement with the mysteries performed on our altars, we are ready for the dialogue with our separated brethren who believe in Christ. For the pattern of the Liturgy is really simple and direct. Its center is God the Father. Its approach to the Father is through the Son. The power that moves is the Holy Spirit. God is the center here as in our formulas of faith, our Creeds; it is an approach in common to God and in God.

This truth is quite a discovery for Protestants, who are often misled by Catholics who are really following bewildering paths, and habitually straying into fields of

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minor devotions. The Roman Liturgy is God-centered in all its forms with a directness and an ultimate concern that gives it its unique majesty and beauty. I am sure that if we all turned to its way of worship, our separated brethren would be one with us in mind and in love.

Do we realize that even in the feast day Masses of the saints, the Church maintains the strict rule to address only God in her prayers: "Almighty and everlasting God, through the intercession of Thy saints give us grace to persevere in virtue through Jesus Christ Thy Son in the union of the Holy Ghost"—this is the normal pattern of the Church's prayer at the altar. There is thus a corrective quality in the liturgy which will at once be noticed by the visitors and which sets things in the right proportion and scale. This rightness of form and purpose cannot but appeal to the seeker of openness with us from the outside. It is far from the sometimes embarrassingly maudlin prayers taken from cisterns of prayer dug by ourselves, unaided by tradition and masters—cisterns that "hold no water," as the prophet says.

ANOTHER aspect that is fortunate for our Church's public and official prayer, the model of all formalized prayer, is its inspiration by the Scriptures of both Testaments; this should be an inspiration to all Catholic Christians to lead them into a path which Bible-conscious Christians will be eager to follow. Not only does the Liturgy of the Mass contain large sections of the Old Testament psalms and canticles, readings from both Testaments, but even the Ordinary of the Mass as well as its Collects are in their theology like abridged letters of Saint Paul or from Hebrews. A mind steeped in this wealth of biblical doctrine can be sure that he will meet with good will by those who formerly looked on our worship with scorn or suspicion.

And this is nothing that should surprise anybody but the ignorant within or without the walls. This was venerable and old when the forefathers of these brethren left the union with Peter. Most of their own worship is fashioned on the Liturgy of their mother. I fail to see why this fact should not be an asset in our contacts with all those who long for oneness to be restored.

I do not want to create the impression that I think the Liturgy alone and by itself can perform the miracle of abolishing what has been done in more than nine hundred or four hundred years. No one outside will drop his reservations against the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope because he discovers that the Mass is not a "pagan abomination," but Christ living in our Church. What the Liturgy will do for peace is something far more modest and subtle: it will open the hearts and the ears because there is a familiar concern in it—Christ and His saving work of redemption in its purity. This means also that the wild growth of everyday "theology" has to be pruned, again with the Liturgy as a corrective of the last century.

Those among our separated brethren who had the unfortunate impression forced on them that the Church believes in quantities of recited prayers, rather than in quality; that we have lost the idea of common worship and praise of God over an arrangement or a deal with Him whereby we get so much for so much as we give; in short, those who are shocked to see indolent congregations, instead of God's children praising Him in psalms and canticles, will be disabused of their mistaken impression and hear what else we have to say for the one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic Church under the Vicar of Christ.

SINCE WE Catholics make such grandiose and absolute claims, we are under an obligation to show ourselves as the people of God in true worship. The usual apologetics fail us: Buddhism is older than Christianity; Moslems are more aggressive, and simpler; Protestants have shown better skill in handling the world and maintaining civil liberty. Unless we show ourselves where we are at our best, the reasons of age and number lose their impressive impact. There is no need for us to be concerned any longer with substitutes and derivatives; the God-centered, strongly biblical, and deeply symbolical and spiritual prayer of the Church speaks through walls of separation and her pure and divine Word can be heard by men even over the din of confusing claims.

The recent reforms have one overriding reason besides the many others that recommended it and further reform: to show the layman his place in this worship and to make it clear to him that his responsibility for the Kingdom of God is of a unique kind, yet as a brother of the clergy and hand in hand with the ordained ministers of God. No longer is he the sorry picture of the *Misera Contribuens Plebs,* nor is his only task to contribute to the support of his pastor. The Liturgy is of a strict hierarchical order, in which everyone has his function and a briefed right to his place, which he holds, not by sufferance, but by law firmly rooted in the sacramental character of Christ's priesthood imprinted on him in baptism and confirmation.

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Where lively and fully personal participation is reached—and soon—the image of the Church offered to those who seek union will be changed. We have in our own hands to present ourselves to the world as the new people of God and in Christ, no longer as an immense mass of uninitiated laymen following blindly those who appear to be the only initiates. According to the saying of the past, ascribed to the late Cardinal Gasquet, the proper posture for laymen at Mass was: on his knees, the right hand holding his rosary, and in his left a collection envelope. If this ever was a joke it was a cruel one. If we want the laity to wage the battles of Christ and His Church, then as the reforms of the Mass show us, the clergy must take him into their confidence and show him trust and respect.

The "lay-deacon" might well be one of the hoped-for reforms at the coming Council. Another instance: the offertory procession makes out of the cold cash contribution of the faithful at Mass an integral part of its rite; therefore their gifts should be carried up to the altar with the hosts by chosen members in a solemn procession that clothes with new dignity and takes the odious connotations of mammon and lucre off these gifts toward the sacrifice. The place of these gifts would then be near the altar in the sanctuary. The hard-earned pennies of the faithful are worthy gifts by their very nature. They achieve sacredness through their incorporation into the divine rite.

Another practical aside: the men in the choir should be in clerical surplice and be made conscious that they belong in the sacred precinct of the sanctuary. The choir loft in the back behind the faithful has become an obstacle to the participated sung Mass; the singers should be up front, properly screened, but fully in communication with the priest at the altar. They should lead the people and perform for them the more elaborate "proper" parts of the Mass.

THESE POINTS seem of minor importance, if we ponder the gravity of the world-shaking events that face us, and will face us. They are minor unless we regard them as straws in the new wind of the Spirit that is blowing in a different direction. As such, even the slightest indication of a new approach is important for the image we present. All recent reforms of the Liturgy show this very direction.

As we regarded these events as an aspect of the new responsibility of the layman in the Church and as a contribution to his work for the creation of a new spirit among separated Christians, several things must become clear: liturgical prayer is more Scripture-centered and therefore more inspired than any other prayer. Its spirit is that of the Church before the great schisms, both eastern and western, and therefore a bridge of better understanding between those who long and pray for the re-establishment of Unity. Mass in its purest form is of the same spirit as the Last Supper, and the celebration of this rite is therefore the place where you should have a live experience of the Church in its innermost nature.

And finally, the Liturgy presents the world with an almost perfect image of what the word "worship" means: the mystery in which God and His redeemed children meet. Observers of the Catholic Church, whether they be friendly or hostile, can read in books what the Church and the Mass is and means. They have a right to see the reality of flesh-and-blood, worshipping Catholic Christians who believe what they defend and claim as their own.

The founder of the modern liturgical movement, a Belgian Benedictine by the name of Dom Lambert Beauduin, was also the founder of the modern Catholic ecumenical movement. This is as significant as the fact that I have never met anyone who is deeply committed to the liturgical movement who is not equally committed to ecumenism, and vice versa. These two always go together. Thus history shows us that the spirit of the Liturgy almost inevitably brings forth a profound longing for Unity of all Christians. This is hardly astonishing, for the Liturgy purifies our prayer. Its center, the Holy Eucharist, is the Sacrament of Unity. By it the Father builds the Mystical Body of His Son Our Lord through the Holy Spirit, Who is its Soul.

HERE WE touch the true mystery, not in the details of its rites, but in its sign of bread and wine partaken in common with hymns and canticles and the Word of Christ: this is what the separated brethren long to see. Let us not be found wanting in faith and hope and charity; our claim that we are the already united Church is a hard thing for them to believe. They suspect pride and hard-heartedness on our part; when they see the pure image of the Church realized in the Eucharist, the banquet and sacrifice, they may glimpse the reality of Love.

If the Catholic layman, fully aware of his responsibility, becomes an active participant in the Church's worship, his mind will be open to show deeper understanding for the separated churches because of his own deeper understanding of the Word of God. He will be filled with greater sympathy for those of the Eastern churches, because they worship the same way in their own Liturgy. He will also be more centered in God than when he was apt to yield to a temptation of mechanical outward worship as a mere spectator.

The Liturgy of the Roman Church is biblical, shuns exaggerations in doctrine and emotion, is sacramental and preserves the mystery. It links us with the separated brethren via the early Church of the great Fathers and thus better prepares us to engage in a dialogue with them which may ultimately lead to a solidly founded Union. The Liturgy is the Church at her best.

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Fun in Frankfurt

ROY BONGARTZ

"IT'S Be Kind To Americans Week," a German adman in Frankfurt tells me, with a fatherly smile. He is talking about the billion dollars the Germans are about to lend the Americans. Then he switches his attention to some push-buttons on his desk; he regards them with pleasurable anticipation and then pushes one. "Watch," he says.

An attractive blonde secretary comes in, a trace of apprehension in her expression. The adman perfunctorily gives her some papers and she goes out.

"Now take a look at this one," he continues, and tries another button. Another girl comes in and is sent away on an errand. The adman has five buttons and five girls working for him and he shows off each one and then asks: "How do you like them? All right?"

Outside, in the *Rossmarkt,* walls of leather-coated, gray-faced Germans wait out a motionless hundred-and-twenty seconds against a traffic signal, now shining red. The signal itself is in the form of a small, electrically lighted pedestrian who seems, with his stiff stomping legs, rectangular head, and clomped-on hat, as inexorably German as any of those facing him.

I face the human wall, from the opposite side of the street, and in a lull in the traffic I walk across, against the light. Those in the wall glare righteously at me and I am convinced they will never let me pass, but at the last moment they grudgingly part to make room for me to go through.

At another intersection a tall traffic cop in a square-shouldered, ankle-length white leather coat stands atop a six-foot-high perch, arms outstretched, swiveling from east-west to north-south like a giant self-powered weather vane. "What does he think, up there?" repeats the adman. "He thinks he is a great person who controls all the people. He thinks he is the master."

IN A RATHSKELLER the adman orders dark beer and venison for lunch. (At five subsequent lunches venison was offered five more times.)

The adman says that Kleenex in the rear window of one's car has become a prestige symbol. He says Wrigley has never succeeded in selling chewing gum in Germany because gum chewing is pejoratively associated with girls who have frequented the *Amis* (Americans) since 1945. He says that superlatives are forbidden by law in German advertising. "Germans are always serious; if you told them that something is the best in the world, they would believe you. So the government must protect them."

Later an American adman who sells Remington shavers here complains that his advertising for women's razors has been crippled because of a prohibition against picturing, in magazines, women's armpits, either hirsute or bald. "Can you imagine, the government says it would be in bad taste!"

An earlier ad, imported from the U. S., showed a Remington shaver shaving a peach. "It was hopeless. The Germans didn't get it. 'Why shave a peach?' they wanted to know."

One of Remington's big problems has been poor German appreciation of the philosophy of built-in obsolescence. "The Germans thought a shaver should last a lifetime, or anyway twenty years. It was a tough job but we finally got 'em educated with the right kind of ads to where they don't expect a shaver to last more than three years."

INSIDE the new glass, steel and concrete buildings that dress all the streets of this new Frankfurt, booming echoes of quick footsteps and of shouts of *Ja* and *nein* bounce off glaring surfaces and up and down broad staircases. Fast elevators hum deeply and whine to a precise stop. Implacably heavy doors open and shut with chain-rattling clanks of key and lock. Hieroglyphs replace words—the electric pedestrian changing from red to green, wall buttons decorated with the outline of a glowing light bulb or a bell, a TV knob picturing a TV picture.

Outside in rainy streets burghers unhumorously jam themselves into narrow three-car trams, rarely exchanging a word as they shove into the sardine-pack. Burrowing resolutely through this damp-coated mass is the captain-capped conductor, who carries in a polished maplewood box strapped around his neck a complete ticket office containing many-colored tickets, commuting booklets, a card punch, a variety of rubber stamps with their ink pad, and various coin and banknote compartments. Each ticket he sells he meticulously marks with a rubber stamp as he lurches forever through this knee-and-elbow-and-umbrella maze.

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AT NINE o'clock (sharp) in the evening a jazz cellar on the *Goethestrasse* called the *Domicile du Jazz* opens up. In spite of the vaulted ceiling, dimly-lighted bar, beards, blue jeans, and Gerry Mulligan records, the place has a faintly spurious air. Perhaps the beards seem too determined to be beards, the dim light too determined to be murkily bohemian.

This is the hangout of what serve in Frankfurt for beatniks. Missing the point just sufficiently, the Germans' term for these feckless youths is *halbstark*—"the half-strong." (Beat?)

A dapper American Negro named Joe—pipe, horn-rimmed glasses, gleaming smile—pops along the bar chattering in rapid-fire German; one is assured that his is a flawless *Berlin* accent. Now a tall blonde girl limps to the bar, one leg in a cast, after a skiing accident. She is a student of sociology at Frankfurt University: "I cannot tell you about the German people; I am not old enough to know." She looks old enough nevertheless.

Helga is also in the bar; a pretty, moon-faced designer of television scenery, she is thirty-two, loves neither men nor women, but feels a physical attraction for her own arcane personification of death. "My father tried to kill himself," she says, but of course this is not true, nor is it true that her brother is dead, as she says.

"I am a part of a human triangle—a man, another girl and I," Helga lies, but this is not an ordinary lie either. "This man has a wife also, but she is dying." Not true, of course, but Helga is riding with death these days. (When the war ended she was sixteen. How did death get into her like this?) "The other girl of our triangle," she continues, "is engaged to another man, but. . . ." He is dying too, of course.

Helga has an inscribed copy of Gregory Corso's book of poems, "Gasoline." It contains a poem about death that she likes. She has a tiny paper skeleton that she makes dance upon the bar. Candidly, she says: "I am frigid; nothing affects me. . . . But there is something. I saw an old man on the tram, he was so crouched over and helpless he could barely move, and he tried to climb down the step to the street. . . . He made me cry." Her eyes are opaque, dry.

Emotion is unwelcome in Frankfurt. The German adman says: "The advertising appeal must be made to the intelligence; people are afraid of the emotional appeal because that was what led them into following Hitler. They keep only this safety-valve of a few weeks each year of drunken *Fasching* parties."

He adds: "We don't want to become emotionally involved with one another. I was in a Nazi concentration camp and a colleague spent five years in a Russian slave labor camp; what have we in common? We do our work by ourselves; I know nothing of the work of the others at the agency. There is a heavy shadow of Nazism over all of us in Germany."

In a rock-and-roll emporium on *Münchenerstrasse* called the St. Pauli are two engineers named Waldo and Wolfgang, who work for Ronson.

Wolfgang says, "So you were in Frankfurt before, in 1945? Maybe we fought together. How old were you? I was sixteen, only sixteen—what did I know? What did either of us know? I would never fight in another war." Friend Waldo agrees with this sentiment but cannot drink to it because he has an ulcer.

Now, like a locomotive with loose wheels clattering over a broken switch, the electric guitars slam up a tune and a long-haired adolescent horror whines an American-accented "Rock-rock!" through a microphone into an electronic echo-chamber that drops us all into a cavernous acoustical nightmare. A few young couples dance traditional jitterbug steps as if this were not, in fact, the end of the world. The barmaid wears a silver dollar on a chain around her neck.

At "Storyville," another club, we add our number to four couples at four tables resolutely watching the antics of Benny Waters, a Negro American Dixieland musician who plays Bechet-style soprano sax; he prances and sings "When the Saints Go Marching In" to little response; his jovial shouts lose themselves somewhere above us near the high ceiling. The rest of his little band, Swedes and Englishmen, evidently are still learning to play.

At still another bar, a slender, discreetly suited barmaid serves us dizzily, her eyelids dropping sleepily shut: she works all day as a model and continues here at night "so I can travel." She is from Cologne and has worked in Munich, Geneva, now Frankfurt. She wants to go to Paris. "In Paris, is it so busy and efficient as it is here? No? Good—that's why I want to go to Paris," she explains. To this end she earns a mark an hour behind the bar—eight p.m. to three a.m.: $1.75.

Later we meet Willi Johanns, a young singer who won first place last year in a nationwide jazz poll. "All the jazz here imitates the Americans," he says. "We buy the latest modern jazz records from America even if we can't understand them. People did not understand Kenton's 'City of Glass' but they bought many copies because it was new."

FRANKFURT is a city of thick-lipped gravy boats, heavy silver platters, earthenware beer mugs: grandiose tableware for serving boiled potatoes and meat in brown gravy, just the ticket for that mythical midwesterner who likes "just plain American food, none of your fancy sauces." It is just possible that Germany, not England, is where that simplist culinary mindlessness came from in the first place.

Frankfurt is a city where traffic lights stay red for two minutes and where ten seconds elapse between telephone rings that in the receiver come through as high-pitched notes like signals from the moon. Frankfurt is a city without humor: "The Jews were all killed

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or exiled," says the adman, "so we lost our artists and writers and we lost our jokesters too."

Frankfurt is a city where *Zimmerleute*—wandering carpenters—appear on the streets in their medieval bell-bottom trousers, embroidered jackets, and wide-brimmed hats; traditionally forbidden by their guild to return home during their first three years, or to pay for any transportation, they work here and there building frames for houses and the rest of the time wander from tavern to tavern, where they accompany with raucous songs a fierce game of pat-a-cake—first man whose hands bleed pays the next round.

The adman comments: "The only German culture is the provincial one of beerhalls and market towns; the sophisticated cities are no longer German: Hamburg becomes English, Cologne French, Frankfurt G.I.-level American, Munich Italian. Berlin? Berlin is out of it." On the Frankfurt radio a male-female jelly-voice sings: *Danke schön Paris, eine Paradis.*

TWO MONTHS of *Fasching* parties end with *Rosenmontag* and Mardi Gras. At one ball in Frankfurt—three thousand girls in net stockings and men in tarbooshes—a secretary says she runs the thousand-meters on weekends, for relaxation; a girl bookkeeper climbs Alps, including the Matterhorn; a girl file clerk goes in for tumbling and handstands at a gym every evening; a salesgirl gets her *angst* eased in a rowing club.

In the ballroom the air is steamy, the music oompahs, and the couples clinch desperately as if all this tinselly world—confetti, witches' hats, imitation champagne, and hundred-voice-roared choruses of *Hofbraü Haus*—were on the point of sinking abruptly out of sight forever, taking everyone along with it.

At the ballroom entrance a squad of unsmiling comic-opera major-domos inspects the costume of each *convive* as he enters. If anything is lacking—*Costumes and Masks Absolutely Required*—the delinquent is routed into a special store and dressing room where he must outfit himself according to regulations. Later these sour old men sweep the wide stairways clean of necking couples: *"Raus! Raus!"*

Now through the dancers comes crashing a G.I. football player in full playing regalia—this is *his* costume—chasing a girl in tights who is determined to escape him. "Aw, come on, Inge," he pleads, holding tenaciously to Inge's unwilling hand that is pulling him hopelessly through the buffeting dancers. He has a flat blonde crew-cut and a square cheeky baby-determined face with small blue eyes. Inge gets next to the women's toilet and with a jerk ditches him and disappears. The halfback, uncomprehending, stares balefully at the forbidden door. Inge is lost. *Fasching* is over.

IN A YARD outside the $125-a-month apartment of a young motivational researcher grows a tall barren tree, its scraggly branches clawing up against a heavy grey evening sky like an old broom upside down against a dirty wall. The researcher looks out at the tree.

"I work sixteen hours a day," he says. "I have to; I have more work than I can handle. I pay my secretaries $60 a week—high for Germany. It is the *Wirtschaft Wunder,* the economic miracle: the only thing the Germans could do after the war, to regain their pride, was to work, to rebuild from nothing, to make *Wunderland.* They succeeded much better than they had thought possible and now, now they feel a little guilty about being so rich."

He turns to his television set. "You know," he says, "there is a TV series now about Hitler and the concentration camps. The children see films of Hitler and they ask their fathers: 'Daddy, how could you ever fall for this clown? How could you be so stupid?' I don't know what the fathers reply."

The researcher turns on the set; we watch a thick-armed lollapalooza singing a Dietrich number, squarely gesturing the while with gleaming elbow-length silk gloves; she has a junkyard of costume jewelry around her neck. After this we watch a documentary on the German army. We see soldiers marching and we exchange a glance but we say nothing because neither of us knows exactly what to say.

Then, on the screen, an adolescent soldier is asked how he compares his outfit with the Americans. "The Germans walk," he says. "The Americans ride." Then he looks around and grins at his companions. "And the Russians win."

The researcher switches off the television and talks about *managerkrankeit*—a form of heart ailment supposedly afflicting the managers. "It really attacks the second-in-command rather than the managers. Yet *everyone* thinks he has it—it's a prestige symbol." The researcher, sure enough, thinks he has it; he's thirty-one.

Cars are also prestige symbols—very stable ones. The researcher himself is almost ready to turn in his Volkswagen ("anonymous") for a Mercedes 220S ("upper professional"). But, he protests, "The trouble is that, as well as to doctors, engineers, and financiers, the Mercedes has been sold to *butchers.* Butchers have made a lot of money and *they* are buying the Mercedes 220S also. Mercedes should not have allowed its image to be so downgraded."

Bravely the young motivational researcher puts aside this worry and pours a glass of Black and White. "Do you know, a brisk change in the psychology of the Germans has come from this quick jump from zero to great richness within just fifteen years. The role the Germans must play has changed; now we must lend money to the Americans and underdeveloped countries."

How does everybody feel about all this? "Now we think, we Germans, 'All right, we have it now, let's enjoy it a little.' "

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Time for a Labor Court?

THOMAS R. BROOKS

IS THE United States ready for a labor court? Dissatisfaction with the recent performance of the National Labor Relations Board prompts the question.

Clearly, something is wrong when sixty-nine workers illegally discharged from a California plastics factory for union activity must wait ten years for justice. (In the interim, two died.) It took two years after the firing for the NLRB to order reinstatement of the ousted unionists with back pay. Two more years passed before a Court of Appeals overruled an attempt to upset the NLRB order. Then the case bounced around the precincts of the NLRB for another six years as lawyers niggled over the amount due each worker. When finally settled, the case prompted an editorial in the N.Y. *Times* calling for "speedier NLRB procedure."

Unhappily, the case is not an isolated one. While waits of two or three years are ordinary, workers have waited as much as twelve and thirteen years before collecting back pay, the NLRB's all-purpose penalty levied against employers who fire employees for union activity. This is to pass over the other ramifications of such cases—the workers not organized because intimidation carries the day, or the job lost forever by the time the reinstatement order comes down.

DELAY isn't the only difficulty workers encounter in NLRB proceedings. There is, for example, the question of effective enforcement of favorable decisions.

When the Textile Workers Union of America, AFL-CIO, sought to organize a South Carolina plant of Darlington Manufacturing Company, the firm threatened to shut down and liquidate its operation there if the union won. Since this is a run-of-the-mill threat in Southern organizing, the workers chose to ignore it and voted for the union. But following the TWUA victory, the employer showed he wasn't bluffing. The mill was shut down, despite last minute efforts by the union to secure an injunction, and five hundred and fifty workers were out of jobs.

This move by the company, as TWUA president William Pollock informed a Congressional hearing recently, "was no great hardship [for the employer] since the mill was one of a chain." In fact, it could be argued an all-around gain for employers since threats of a close-down in the event of unionization are now loaded weapons. The loss of one mill has paid off many times since for textile employers in the South.

Now, the General Counsel of the NLRB, with whom such decisions rest, agreed with the union that the shutdown was an unfair labor practice, and he issued a complaint. The union therefore begged him to issue an injunction to keep the mill in town so that there would be some place left for the workers to come back to when the case was won in the courts. But the General Counsel refused. "We have never understood why," Pollock adds ruefully.

Five years later, the case is still caught up in creaking NLRB machinery. If the union wins, as well it might, the workers will still be the losers. The Darlington properties have long since been sold. Furthermore, the NLRB trial examiner has freed the parent company—the Deering-Milliken chain—of any liability over the ex-Darlington mill.

Then, too, there is the development—common I suspect to all regulatory agencies—of what someone has called "anticipatory law." Bureaucracy tends to sway with the prevailing political winds. If NLRB decisions imply further restrictions on labor, or on management, then you can be sure that some regional directors and staffers are going to go the Board one better. This kind of problem is not going to be solved in the public interest by a speed-up of the case load nor by shifting agency appointments.

SOMEWHERE within the cumbersome machinery of the NLRB, justice is lost. Can it be retrieved by speeding up the process, as President Kennedy has argued in his reorganization plan recently turned down by Congress? Or—since many of these cases cropped up under a NLRB dominated by Eisenhower appointees—will a change in the board majority by Kennedy appointments do the trick?

The unions apparently are counting on the latter. At least they have ceased to fuss since President Kennedy's appointment of Frank McCulloch as board chairman and Gerald A. Brown as board member. There is some pressure, of course, still exerted on Eisenhower appointees Boyd Leedom and P. Ray Rogers to resign. The fifth member, John Fanning, is a career man and since his votes were more or less cast in the minority in

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the Eisenhower reign, he is considered "fair" by unionists.

The unions, too, are more or less in agreement with the President's wishes for a speed-up of procedures. In fact, McCulloch administratively anticipated this by ordering a step-up in the handling of cases by the NLRB staff and regional offices. But, as Ben Naumoff, a former assistant regional director of the NLRB in New York, warns, this skirts the danger of a "bookeeper's mentality" in the handling of cases. Where speed is a criteria, Naumoff says, hasty or inadequate case investigations are sure to follow and staff members are likely to concentrate only on "sure" cases to the detriment of all others. Indeed, some observers contend, this has already happened under General Counsel Stuart Rothman, who is a bug on deadlines.

THE NLRB, a New Deal baby born in 1935 under the Wagner Act, is unique among governmental regulatory agencies. While the others—the Federal Aviation Agency, Securities and Exchange Commission, say—regulate a class of licensees or group of people, the NLRB regulates, or referees, a contest.

Two airlines may compete for a franchise but neither their interests nor politics are permanently antagonistic. But once the United States declared it to be in the public interest for employees to enjoy free collective bargaining, the NLRB was in the business of regulating permanent adversaries.

This is not to say that labor and management are always at odds everywhere. Obviously, their interests frequently coincide. But this is never the case before the NLRB, where almost by definition of the law labor and management are permanent antagonists.

Originally, the board emphasized an informal "educational" approach, with all functions—both the decision-making and prosecuting—centralized. But by 1945, the Board had divided itself internally, anticipating developments hardened into law by the Taft-Hartley Act. Under the latter, NLRB functions were divided by creating an independent office of General Counsel, which is essentially the NLRB's prosecuting arm on unfair labor practices cases. The General Counsel decides whether a complaint will be issued and is responsible for supervision of NLRB personnel. The Board itself became a quasi-judicial body although retaining full authority in representation cases.

It is this division that faults the present NLRB. In a study for the Workers Defense League, an anti-Communist labor and civil rights organization, attorney Albert H. Blumenthal sums up the NLRB's weakness this way:

"(1) The Board is charged with the prevention of unfair labor practices. It sets down the rules of law and policy which are to be used in applying the National Labor Relations Act to the facts of each case. The General Counsel is charged with issuing complaints in unfair labor practice cases and thus must make a determination in the first instance whether such an unfair labor practice exists. Since by law his determinations are final, the General Counsel can, and has, thwarted the Board's decisions in particular areas by declining to issue a complaint.

"(2) While General Counsel has full responsibility for prosecuting unfair labor practice cases, the Board has final authority in representation proceedings. A question of representation, however, may depend upon the resolution of an unfair labor practice charge. General Counsel can prevent the Board from effectively proceeding by simply refusing to issue a complaint in the unfair labor practice case.

"(3) While the Board adjudicates controversies in unfair labor practice and representation cases, enforcement of its orders is the responsibility of the General Counsel. In cases where General Counsel has questioned the soundness or legality of the Board's orders, he has effectively limited its authority by refusing to defend them in court."

SUCH defects in the NLRB's division of labor, attorney Blumenthal argues, can not be corrected by a simple reorganization. We get to the heart of the matter, Mr. Blumenthal believes, by abolishing the office of the General Counsel—a proposal that has wide support among unionists—and by a "complete separation of the judicial fuctions of the Board from all administrative and policy-making duties."

A new NLRB, he says, should "be limited to interpreting the law and reviewing the facts in the record. . . ." Its jurisdiction "should be appellate in nature with a final appeal directly to the U. S. Supreme Court under the latter's existing rules." In short, Mr. Blumenthal seeks a labor court.

Such a move, he argues, would have the added benefit of minimizing the effect of politics on the NLRB, a standing complaint of labor or management depending on whose ox is being gored at the moment. "The swing of the political pendulum," says Mr. Blumenthal, "has served not to achieve an even-handed balance of rights and obligations between [labor and management] but forced one at the expense of the other."

While the area of labor-management relations, he continues, "should remain sensitive, at least to some extent, to the politics of the party in power, it is surely inimicial to the interests of all sides that it be subjected to the extreme changes in the pattern of enforcement which have occured with each change in the national administration under the present system."

Lawyer Blumenthal carries out the court approach at all levels of the NLRB operation. District trial examiners, or referees, he suggests, should have the authority to make findings of fact and recommendations of law

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to a Regional board "whose decisions would be final . . . [and] equivalent to the final judgement of decree of a United States District Court."

To handle the present administrative and policy-making duties of the present NLRB, an independent Bureau of Labor-Management Relations should be established. "Bureau personnel," Mr. Blumenthal says, "should concentrate their energies on field investigations, informal settlements of disputes and the supervision of elections." While they could file unfair labor practice charges, unions and management "should be encouraged to file and prosecute their own complaints." The interest of the Bureau should be confined to "the enforcement of the law from the public (and/or party philosophy) point of view."

THE LABOR court idea, of course, is not a new one. Such courts exist in countries where collective bargaining has been more stable and more mature than in the United States—Germany and Australia, for example. But many labor relations experts now believe that collective bargaining has reached a similar maturity in the United States.

There are many industries, such as the needle trades, where strikes are at a minimum and the relationship between unions and employers is soundly grounded and free from the strife of the now distant past. In other major industries, such as steel and auto, conflict is channeled by a relationship that has withstood the test of time. Conflict flares periodically—timed by the contract expiration date—and then is meshed into the grievance machinery and the routine of labor-management give-and-take.

With this in mind, is now the time to give the labor court idea serious consideration? And on top of everything else there is the additional pressure of national interest, which calls for a minimizing of conflict on the industrial scene in the face of the wider world conflict—or so, at least, goes the official line. Since labor courts are associated with countries with a stabilized labor relations structure, would labor courts help to stabilize our much more hectic labor scene?

ACTUALLY, the labor court idea isn't likely to receive widespread support among unionists. Most would agree with those experts who say that a labor court would be too rigorous and too bound by precedents to be effective in the volatile area of American labor-management relations. Large areas of American industry remain unorganized—textiles in the South, white collar workers around the nation—and in view of this fact a labor court might be inadequate for the enforcement of a public policy favoring the right to bargain collectively.

In labor circles there is some argument for a return to the concept behind the old pre-Eisenhower NLRB of a board composed of independent experts in the field free to operate within the bounds of the law to carry out public policy. The old system worked then; why not now? The difficult contest areas haven't changed that much; the anti-union employer fights his union in much the same fashion now as he did in the turbulent thirties.

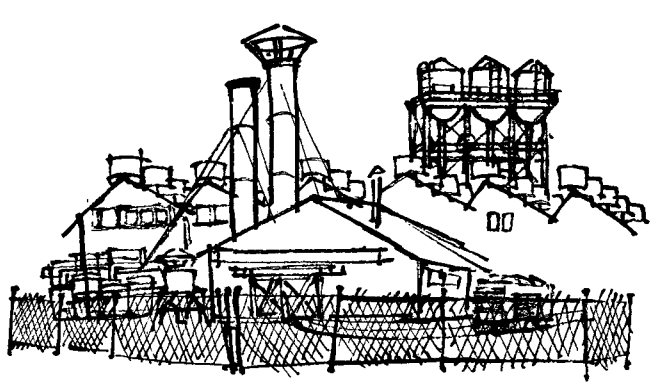
Also it can be said that a revival of the old, pre-trial election procedure in representation cases would eliminate most of the delay that results in justice denied in labor relations. Present practice and law require that employers be given a hearing before a representation election is ordered. The result has been a built-in delay with employers eating up time in hearings over trivialities.

If pre-trial elections were permitted, the NLRB could order an election on the reasonable assumption that it is in the public interest to find out whether workers wanted a union or not. If the employer wanted to challenge the results he could do so at post-election hearings, but from the nature of events he would be forced to raise substantive issues, not self-serving time-wasters with the sole purpose of defeating the union in a representative contest.

THE CASE for or against the labor court idea, however, remains to be proved. There is insufficient evidence at hand, and, unhappily, the chances for assembling that evidence and mustering a debate are slim.

President Kennedy's reorganization plan was downed in the House of Representatives late last summer. A House Sub-Committee on Education and Labor, chaired by Representative Roman Pucinski (D-Ill.), held hearings on the NLRB earlier in the year. But most of the time was spent belaboring a ghost—the old Eisenhower board which was due for exorcising by the new Kennedy appointments—as a small parade of witnesses charged the board with "unsympathetic administration and burdensome delays," two faults the new chairman Frank McCulloch is busy correcting.

Presumably, the Kennedy proposals will be revived for the next session of Congress. It is clear that debate is urgently needed on how best to establish labor-management relations on a better footing than that of the recent past, and perhaps at that time the Kennedy reorganization plan will again offer the opportunity.



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THE STAGE

Blanket Coverage

ONE ISN'T obliged to review everything, especially since there are some plays about which there seems nothing useful to say. But there are others which simply slip by, establish long runs and exist as reproaches to the critical conscience. Herewith a net thrown over certain productions—mostly off-Broadway—which for one reason or another have escaped previous notice in this column, together with one or two new arrivals.

"Misalliance" isn't one of Shaw's most adroit or most lucid comedies, but it can be sufficiently entertaining in a good production, such as the current one manages to be. A bad or even an ordinary production would succumb to the play's inherent difficulties: a confusion as to genre (settled in time in favor of farce), an overabundance of thematic elements, and several Gobi-like stretches of Shavian rhetoric during which all our misconceptions about the drama-of-ideas are given a new lease on life. But Frances Sternhagen, Donald Moffat and Emery Battis at the head of a superior company impose so clean and delicately antic a line on the proceedings that the play's recalcitrance is ultimately beaten down. (*At the Sheridan Square Playhouse.*)

"The Hostage" is of course not a play but an At Home with Brendan Behan, and the Borstal Boy knows how to keep things moving in his digs. Behan satisfies our perennial need for someone brasher, bawdier and more irreverent than ourselves, a public figure to express our private itches and outrages. As such, he is something of a scapegoat; one can unpleasantly imagine him dying in front of an audience that slaps its thighs and howls, Old Behan, he sure doesn't give a damn, not a single, solitary damn. Except that his crude, desperately honest, half-self-mocking persona somehow seems to speak, through cracked lips, of salvation. (*At the One Sheridan Square.*)

Robert Ardrey's "Shadow of Heroes" is a strange piece of work. A semi-documentary play about the Communist take-over in Hungary, it nevers achieves either a total dramatic conviction or an unassailable style. Its political energies, however, are fierce and frequently compelling; its elegaic tone sometimes rises to poetry; and its huge cast, headed by the redoubtable Salome Jens, occupies the stage with all the quasi-heroic prodigality of gesture, the sense of being in the service of a value or a passion, that ideological dramas had in the thirties and that today comes as a peculiar relief from our overwrought and fussily neurotic studies in psychology. (*At the York Playhouse.*)

If you aren't put off by its atrocious title, "Signs Along the Cynic Route" will give you a great deal of pleasure. A two-man, one-woman revue, it contrives to mount the vigor and variety of something much larger, and it mostly avoids the curse of its genre: not knowing when to cut a number off. The participants are Robert Barend, Dolly Jonah and Will Holt, an exceedingly talented young man who wrote the show's songs and, along with his wife Miss Jonah, its sketches, and who combines the qualities of Bob Newhart, Pete Seegar and Robert Morse, along with his own cachet. Incidentally, "Signs" was inevitably described by the Pavlovian daily reviewers as being too "intimate" for a theater, but it's hard to think of a nightclub smaller than the place it's in now. (*At the Actors Playhouse.*)

"All in Love," a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," is well worth a visit. Though it does tend to get tangled in its own feet toward the end, it mainly works well. Its songs are witty and unforced, its decor coolly abstract and minimal. And it is blessed with a bouncy leading man in David Atkinson, a wonderfully madball male quartet and a highly original comedian, one Dom de Luise, who resembles a neurasthenic whale with a taste for Ronald Firbank. (*At the Martinique.*)

After the first interminable act of "Kean," I found myself, gray with ennui amid a sea of rosy faces, shuffling down the aisle to an exit. In front of me a man said to his female companion; "Ya know what Bert just told me? He said he's never been so bored in his life." My attention, shredded by a hundred minutes of flaccid songs, no comedy and the quintessence of decor-for-its-own-sake, immediately revived. The man went on: "So ya know what I told him? I said yeah you, when ya don't have a pinochle deck in fronna ya, yer outta yer element." End of murmuring of famous line from Donne; return to the island. (*At the Broadway.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Ten Better

Before the flowers of friendship
faded friendship faded

WHEN Gertrude Stein made the above unpunctuated *mot* in 1931 she was not, of course, referring to Hollywood, but some thirty years later her epigram fits the fading movie capital very well. Occasional good films do still come out of Hollywood. The critic, however, who is as usual at this time of year selecting his Best Ten has to work overtime to find outstanding 1961 American films for his list. Many of those he does find were made wholly or partly away from Hollywood, and thank goodness for these and the foreign movies that help to brighten our screens.

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Despite everything, I still think the idea of a Ten-Best list is good: it gives the reviewer a chance to be as personal as he likes, and it gives readers a summary that lets them know where the reviewer stands and so perhaps what kind of a judgment they may expect from him in the future. Since I couldn't find ten superlative films in 1961, instead of calling my list the Ten-Best I'm settling for a Ten-Better list, movies that were, even with their faults, better than the rest. So here they are, not necessarily arranged in order of preference.

West Side Story. The movie version of this successful stage musical is even better than the original; the magnificent color photography fairly dances with the good cast to Leonard Bernstein's music and Jerome Robbins's choreography in an imaginative telling of the Romeo and Juliet story set in juvenile delinquents' modern New York.

Judgment at Nuremberg. Although producer-director Stanley Kramer does not answer all the questions he proposes in this stirring picture about the American trial of four German judges in post-war Nuremberg, he and his starry cast successfully push audiences into thinking about moral responsibility, expediency, and the importance of high standards and the value of a single human being.

La Dolce Vita. Federico Fellini's great Italian film uses a series of beautifully-photographed and often shocking episodes to show that the sweet life among the fast set in Rome is not so sweet. In this respect, it takes care to warn viewers guilty of the same excesses to mend their ways.

L'Avventura. Tracing a similar theme, director Michelangelo Antonioni proves himself a master of poetic cinema in which cast and scenery unite to portray the emotional and moral vacuum that leads to the waste land.

The Bridge. From Manfred Gregor's novel, director Bernhard Wicki has made a brutal, bitter and unforgettable anti-war film about seven German teenagers who are drafted a week before the Unconditional Surrender, six of whom are killed defending a worthless bridge.

The Hoodlum Priest. In spite of lapses into melodrama, this remarkable little film has caught well the spirit of Father Charles Dismas Clark, S.J., and his work in rehabilitating ex-convicts, and it is considerably aided by the performances of Don Murray as Father Clark and Keir Dullea as a con he fails to save from the gas chamber.

A Summer To Remember. Without striking a single false note, this amazing Russian movie combines sensitivity and realism to tell the story of a five-year-old boy and his relationship with his mother, his pals, and, most of all, his new stepfather.

The Mark. Guy Green's skillful direction of this Anglo-American film's difficult theme merits applause, as does his astute handling of the three leads: Stuart Whitman as the insecure ex-criminal, Maria Schell as the widow he loves, and Rod Steiger who plays Whitman's psychiatrist.

El Cid. Robert Krasker's color photography in Samuel Bronston's generally handsome production is extraordinarily beautiful and makes this epic about Spain's eleventh-century hero a treat even for audiences who don't have a strong, yearning desire for spectacles and pageants.

Rocco and His Brothers. While Luchino Visconti's gripping film about a country family who move to the city may have too much crude violence for some movie-going customers, it also has the vitality and depth of universal tragedy, and its good cast effectively pursue the sibling themes to the bitter end.

So stand my Ten. No doubt, since Everyman's a movie critic, he'll want to add and subtract some titles of his own; and I won't argue with him too much if he insists I should have included *Fanny* or *The Hustler* or *Bridge to the Sun* or *Summer and Smoke* (for Geraldine Page) or *The Innocents* or *Tunes of Glory* or *Raisin in the Sun* or *Breakfast at Tiffany's* or whatever he is sure was his favorite movie of the year. In any case, let's hope the 1962 batch is better so that we can get back to best again—especially from Hollywood, before the flowers of friendship fade.

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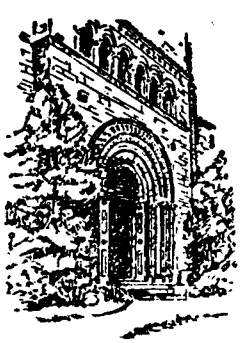

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BOOKS

Soviet and American Literature

On Socialist Realism. By Abram Tertz. Translated by George Dennis. Introduction by Czeslaw Milosz. Pantheon. $2.95.
Radical Innocence: The Contemporary American Novel. By Ihab Hassan. Princeton. $6.

by Richard M. Ohmann

IT IS old news by now that the Soviets are our *doppelgängers* as well as our enemies. Anyone who wants to work out the paradoxical identity has a wide range of bromides to choose from: Both countries, exuding the vulgar materialism of the newly rich, adulate bigness, make a fetish of production, boast of power. The past, for each, runs back only a short way to an already mythicized revolution, a holy war which consecrated with blood a national destiny and a set of immutable moral truths. Secure in their sense of mission, both countries face the weary, ironic, compromising world with dogmatic and principled innocence. Yet in both there are terrible contradictions between the ideal and real. In both countries the individual is under constant pressure from society. And so on. Like many topsy-turvy generalizations, this one captures a corner of the truth, but leaves cautious minds groping for particulars. An equation of national temperaments can, finally, be no sounder than the thousand less ambitious comparisons that fill it out.

By a convenient coincidence—the nearly simultaneous appearance of Ihab Hassan's *Radical Innocence* and Abram Tertz's *On Socialist Realism*—one of these comparisons comes suddenly into focus. Tertz's book is little more than a suggestive essay on Soviet literature, while Hassan's is a full-blown critical survey of the contemporary American novel, but each writer in his way places under perceptive scrutiny the literary scene around him. And aside from the fact that the novel dominates both literatures, how wildly different the two vistas are—how different our patterns of creativity from theirs!

To see the really crucial disparity, we must ignore a couple of unrevealing, and finally secondary, distinctions. One has to do with quality. To be sure, our current literature is richer than theirs: thus Hassan finds generous words of praise for the achievement of some two dozen young novelists, while Tertz sadly confesses the progressive impoverishment of Soviet literature. And it is probably true that the Soviet Union has set an all-time record for the production of trash. Yet a literary epoch that, along with the third-rate and worse, includes Mayakovsky, Gorki, Babel, Sholokhov, Pilnyak, Zamyatin, Ehrenburg, Pasternak, Zoshchenko and Dudintsev (however badly the hierarchy has treated some of them) can scarcely be dismissed as empty.

The second distinction we must set aside, irresistibly though it forces itself upon us, has to do with freedom. Of course the bald fact is that Soviet writers must work within restrictions that are unthinkable to an American. Still, we make a mistake if we think of Soviet writers as transplanted capitalist libertarians. Most of them, the vast majority, accept the Communist dream in its large outlines and concur that the writer's function is to serve the state (or the *people*, they would say). And as Tertz, no apologist for authoritarianism, has it, "Art is not afraid of dictatorship, severity, repressions, or even conservatism and clichés. When necessary, art can be narrowly religious, dumbly governmental, devoid of individuality—and yet good."

But if the writer's relation to society is less important than it tends to seem, his hero's stance toward society and the donnés of experience is central. The hero in Soviet literature looks around, sees the tractor factories, the collective farms, the broad Russian sky, the comradeship of workers, the inevitable march of the socialist state towards Communism, and finds it good; he accepts it all. The world fulfills his desires, and the desires of the state—an appealing unanimity. Tertz (the name is a pseudonym and the book was smuggled out of Russia) is quick to

Le Couvent Sainte Marie de la Tourette

(Designed by Le Corbusier for the Dominicans near Lyons)

From the beginning these hills have been their battleground:
From here their bands drove back the Albi lances—downward
to the gulf of blue madonnas—back to the clay walls
and turrets of Toulouse. Now, a hundred knights in black
and white lay in this hovering chessbox of crushed rock
that rises soft and sudden as the doves of noon. Lean
and soul-spare as a Thomist thought, it hollows in the
lute-stringed sun, a riddling honeycomb of shadow cells
humming in the mouth of the dead lion. All hallways
lead to the God-Man's granary at the icecap's core,
where tables of sacrifice float beneath bright sky vents.

An old man, marked with the raven's beak, has built this house:
He has fished the ancient waters with nets of stone
and in their depths enmeshed the Leviathan's smooth ribs—
empty since Jona—and filled its frame. His blueprints read
for the secret eye and leave space for each forgotten
chamber of the heart: He has made a soul to hold bodies!
Above, on the roofwalk, he has placed a parapet
to prevent the mortal sunset—and so spares the monk
in prayer from human beauty. His gift is in the
geometry of balconies below where friars
stroll in their souls to the place where all loves intersect.

JAMES BONK

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note the irony of an avowedly realist art which tries always to "view truth in the light of the ideal, . . . to present what should be as what is." The positive hero is spokesman of an overwhelming optimism; his end may be sad, for the fight is a hard one, but "it is happy from the point of view of the superior purpose; and the author never neglects to proclaim his firm belief in our final victory, either directly or through a speech of his dying hero." A heroic past, a hopeful present, a glorious future; to all of these the positive hero can cry "Yes!" What room for personal agony when the Communist state, the apotheosis of the individual, is bound to triumph? What room for doubt when the answers are all given in advance, by this "most purposeful art of our time"? Outside the self, in the great Purpose, lies salvation for the Soviet hero.

The hero whom Hassan ably describes, the American anti-hero, the rebel-victim, takes quite another stance. Beset by absurdity and contradiction in the world, the self "recoils, *from* the world, *against* itself." This hero accepts nothing simply, says "No!" to a great deal, if not to life itself. When, in a crucial passage, Hassan outlines the world of American fiction, he stresses the role of chance and absurdity in human actions, the absence of "accepted norms of feeling or conduct," the opposition of the hero to his environment, the complexity or impurity of human motives, and the absence of complete knowledge. For the hero in this predicament, "Mediation between Self and World appears no longer possible—there is only surrender or recoil."

The American novel virtually turns the Soviet novel upside down: for affirmation it substitutes denial; for confidence it substitutes something close to despair; for an innocence which sees reality as surrogate for the ideal it substitutes an innocence which "refuses to accept the immitigable rule of reality"; the list could be prolonged indefinitely. If, as Hassan claims, the contemporary American novel finally sees "agony and outlawry" as "not merely inevitable," but "the way by which man may affirm his deepest moral instincts"; if beyond the recoil of self there is an affirmation of human life, it is an affirmation so tortured and intricate as to merit a different label altogether from the sunny and doctrinaire affirmation of Soviet fiction.

To say that Hassan's structuring of the literary scene is a critical myth is not to deprecate it. (So, for that matter, is Tertz's ingenious discovery of a new classicism in Russia.) The myth is a viable one, supported by lucid analyses of the work of Salinger, Bellow, McCullers, Capote, Mailer, Gold, Cheever, Malamud, and many others. Hassan's book is deeply serious. Significantly, he mobilizes much of this seriousness in anatomizing a fiction whose main form he calls *irony*—an irony that "unites the terrible and the ludicrous, and attempts to reconcile what remains, at bottom, irreconcilable: dream and fact." By contrast, the cheerfully serious literature that Tertz describes and attacks has no room for irony, "the faithful companion of unbelief and doubt," but Tertz himself is driven to savage irony, as the only possible stance for an honest critic of socialist realism. An ironic critic and a straight literature; a straight critic and an ironic literature: the contrast is pat, but revealing.

Written in Protest

On the Contrary: Articles of Belief, 1946-1961. By Mary McCarthy. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.

by Jean Holzhauer

WOMEN are not mistaken in naming time their enemy. No private sorrow is more insistent or universal than the slow ruin of beauty. No public display is more touching than the aging lady arrested at some earlier point of style: brave, like Mrs. Cratchett, in ribbons, and a little ludicrous. Following the same implacable, mysterious law, no writing dates more noticeably than feminine writing.

The latter phenomenon may be due, in part, to the commitment of the woman journalist, as personal as it is topical. Her causes arise as much from the concerns and needs of her

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own personality as from their larger and more objective importance; she cares because she has been involved. There is no question that this kind of commitment frequently produces writing both forceful and urgent. Yet frequently it dates.

This sobering train of thought was prompted, curiously, by Mary McCarthy's collected essays, *On the Contrary*. No one could argue that Miss McCarthy is *passé*. She is still a young and vigorous writer, by any standard. Why then do so many of the essays—the protests against the death of Gandhi and against mass advertising media, against Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir, against Communist hunters, against the misunderstanding of the American reader, against the fumbling of sociologists and psychotherapists—why do these appear as quaint and faintly incredible as period pieces?

It is the quality of Miss McCarthy's involvement, I think, that accounts for the surely unwanted effect. Her protest is the indignation, and more, the wail of a grieving woman, persuasive at times, capable of coloring the emotions and of stating a case, but at the same time never quite capable enough. In Miss McCarthy's forthright courage one detects an undertone of whine: why will you not hear and sufficiently understand these obvious truths that I am marshalling for you? It is a saddening tone, and it permeates her book.

Further, nearly all of Miss McCarthy's topics have been elsewhere and widely treated. Much of the bloom is long gone from denunciation of Madison Avenue, of the materialism of the European in contrast with the integral naiveté of the American, of the sex statisticians and the conservative campus babies and the slick magazines and the Red-baiters and the public apathy adorning our culture. It is yet another symptom for the sociologists that, while the battles are far from won, the arguments seem so tired.

Miss McCarthy's literary essays, in terrain less transitory, are the best of her book; they include an excellent appreciation of Harold Rosenberg's *The Tradition of the New*, two studies of fiction, and a scrutiny of American realist playwrights.

Philosophy of God

Toward The Knowledge of God. By Claude Trésmontant. Helicon. $3.50.

by Daniel J. O'Hanlon

IT IS DIFFICULT not to be lyrical in praising this brilliant synthesis of Christian philosophy. Fresh and stimulating insights are found on almost every page, and although the book is only 120 pages, any attempt to summarize it gives one the feeling of trying to reproduce the design of a Persian rug on the back of a postage stamp.

Not that there is anything haphazard about the book; indeed, all the threads are so deftly bound together and so consistently interwoven that almost everything in it is related to everything else. Trésmontant's examination of the question of God leaves one with a sense of the profound unity which exists between the insights of reason and the message of the Bible.

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Of those who would follow him in this *Essai* he asks only two things: the use of reason and the witness of experience. But experience is interpreted in no narrow sense: it is given a meaning large enough to include the perceptible world with all that it contains, even the phenomenon of Israel and, within Israel, the fact of Jesus and Christianity. All this experience is examined through reason, which actually discovers its own capacities only as they unfold in reflection on the unsuspected new realities which confront it in experience.

In developing these ideas Trésmontant shows a serious acquaintance with both ancient and modern thought and yet never absorbs them uncritically or unimaginatively. Aristotle's principle of the ultimate priority of act over potency is central to the whole book; yet Aristotle's doctrine that the world is uncreated is rejected. St. Thomas' insistence on the centrality of the act of existing in reason's search for God is here, but Trésmontant proceeds, with Teilhard de Chardin, a step further and wholeheartedly accepts a purposely evolving universe, showing the relevance of this fact for rational inquiry about God. Moreover, Bergson's eager awareness of the forces of creativity in the world influences the whole book.

In Part One Trésmontant examines three alternatives open to man's reason as he attempts to understand his experience of the world. In every case man must begin from the fact, borne in on him with especial clarity during the past hundred years by the overwhelming evidence for evolution, that *new* things appear, that there is a *more* following a time when the *more* did not exist. This is an ineluctable fact which cannot be evaded even if one posits an eternal world. Now this *more* that appears cannot be explained by the *less* that precedes. The alternatives, then, are: first, the experience of the new is a myth, an illusion (Upanishads, Plotinus, Spinoza, Schelling, Marx); second, there is an uncreated Other who is the Absolute, the Creator; third, reality is a meaningless absurdity. The last alternative is dismissed as no real alternative at all, and Trésmontant concentrates on showing that a metaphysics of creation imposes itself on him who will faithfully apply reason to experience.

In Parts Two and Three these ideas are confirmed, enriched, even transcended, but never at the expense of the unity which binds all reality together.

One of the most serious needs of Catholic seminaries and universities today is Christian philosophers like Trésmontant, whose philosophy and Christianity do not merely coexist side by side, embarrassed and ill-at-ease in each other's presence, but are joined together in dynamic and fruitful unity.

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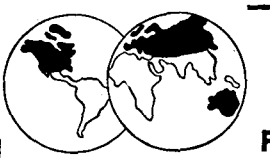

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